

THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Globe Opens Up a Subject for Reflection

AND ADVISES SHEPHARD.

The Matter of Patent Office Practice and Loose Methods in Vogue—Is Shephard Guilty or the Victim of a Clique?—Why He Should Go into Court as a Man of Honor and Vindicate His Character.

A few weeks since The Globe said of Chief Clerk Shepard, of the Patent Office, and Assistant Commissioner Moore, "If this pair fails to bring, at an early day, a stench upon the Bureau, and makes a by-play of the mouths of the public, then we miss our reckoning," and that "no reform is so greatly needed in the Patent Office as the revocation of Moore's appointment, the decapitation of Shepard, and the blackballing of Megrath." The stench arrived on time.

Little Ed Shepard
Bull like a leper,
Vowed he would not resign.
"We tried him," you know
And found he would bow
My honor, pard, you malign.
"To Canton I go,
To denounce the old crew
Who entrapped my EGO,"
In oily asstetio
He whined.

Exit Shepard.

Commissioner Allen is still up to it. "These are the days," he says, "when the drum, blow the horns, beat the futes, and be the whole brass band. They have all made the Patent Office a grasshopper's picnic, which requires large and repeated doses of paregoric and squill."

The trouble with the Patent Office comes mainly from the appointment of theoretically educated individuals to positions requiring experienced men of good judgment and sound common sense. The civil service examination for the position of examiner and other positions in this department is such a character that nobody but a student fresh from the higher schools or seminaries can pass or be certified up. Insofar as accomplishments in the higher branches of education are concerned, these students and applicants are perfect, or so nearly such that the practical, judgment, and common sense of the position is at a discount in the matter of competitive examination with these college youths fresh from their studies of chemistry, physics, etc. Hence the Patent Office is full of these vain, pompous, self-important, and badly lacking in ballast, to the great injury, inconvenience and expense of inventors, and to the annoyance and irritation of the older legal practitioners who confine their practice to the Patent Office.

It has come to be a general rule that because of these facts that almost every case going before certain of these examiners has to be appealed to the Examiners in Chief—Messrs. Stocking, Brinkenstein and Steward—thus throwing extra and unnecessary labor upon these three accomplished and experienced gentlemen.

The young college graduate is so technical that he will narrow the claim of an inventor until the patent is practically worthless, and when the inventor is unfortunate enough to get into the hands of "quick" claimants in Washington or outside, who invariably accept the decision of the young men in order to draw their fees from the inventor, the latter finds, sooner or later, in enforcing what he considers infringements on his patent that his patent is so narrow that it is practically useless, and in fact anybody can infringe the patent itself. The inventor is deceived by the drawing or picture of his device and imagines everything is all right, but his claim is so modified, worded and drafted by the Patent Office youths that it is practically useless in a court of law. Now, the experienced patent attorney is onto all this, and being an honest man, he appeals from the first examiners to the practical, broad-minded examiners-in-chief mentioned, and secures a claim which will protect the inventor and fully cover his device.

The other loose methods of the office appertain to the handling of the mail received, from which the money is too often extracted by thieving clerks. Under Dureya and Commissioner Duet, there were few complaints on this score. The technically ignorant Patent Office examiners were few and men of judgment and experience filled the positions. The money received from claimants or inventors was safeguarded and the office was conducted with satisfaction to both attorneys and clients. Not very long ago a friend of ours had his patent revoked because the fee which must be paid within a certain time had not been received at the Patent Office. The gentleman, General Superintendent Smith, of the Nickel Plate, formerly of Toledo, Ohio, had sent the money enclosed in an envelope in the presence of two gentlemen, who made affidavit to the fact. The money reached the Patent Office all right but was appropriated by one of the numerous manipulators of the office.

The Globe is far from believing that the late Chief Clerk Shepard is alone guilty. From facts in our possession we are only too well aware with what ease and facility others besides the chief clerk could appropriate the money sent in. And as touching the chief clerk, it is just as well to observe he fell a victim to the clique that was after his scalp and jobbed him, despite the friendship of his friend, Assistant Commissioner Moore. This exquisite had his mug in the Department News and a stunning autobiography the quiet week, to take the money from him which might attach to him of either "throwing" a friend or giving the double cross to those who confided in him. There is one thing The Globe's conscience compels it to state, and that is that we testify so far elicited, incriminating ex-Chief Clerk Shepard in the theft of \$88 is not strong enough to convict him before a jury of unprejudiced men. There is a doubt, and a strong one, too, in his favor, which should have appealed to his friend Moore—even if Ireland was anxious to be chief clerk—and held him back from the safe way accessible to others; the money was out of Shepard's charge for a whole night, somebody else might have taken it. Money was stolen by others, and a negro was caught dead to rights stealing money from the office, arrested, and his case dwindled down

to petit larceny. It would have been better for Mr. Shepard's reputation if he was arrested, too, and the case judiciously investigated instead of being tried, condemned, ruined and disgraced by his friend Moore and the clique that was after his scalp. And if the writer was Shepard, this is precisely the test we would invite, and bring the whole Patent Office management into the courts for a full airing. Mr. Shepard has everything to gain now by so doing. His reputation, as it has been blasted by Commissioner Allen, and Assistant Commissioner Moore. Let Mr. Shepard adopt the bold policy—the policy of an innocent man—and arrest both Allen and Moore for criminal libel or defamation of character, conspiracy or any other charge that will open this whole matter up to the public at large. As the thing stands at present, Shepard is condemned—a trial of the issues in the court might result differently. At all events a man of honor should take advantage of any chance to vindicate himself. Let Mr. Shepard remember that in law he is presumed to be true, and that he is proven guilty, and that in coming into court he appears as an innocent man, while at present if he remains passive and takes no steps to vindicate himself the public must accept the Allen-Moore decision, and he will have to go through life and to his grave with the stigma of a thief. Every man "discharged for stealing money entrusted to his keeping as an official."

Smoke Carolina Brights.

WHOLESALE NEPOTISM

Case of Capt. Scheiner, Gen. Dickerson, and Sundowner Stacey.

Capt. Harmon Schriener, who has been on the retired list a number of years, drawing a pension of \$2,200 per annum, also holds a soft snap at \$2,000 per annum with General Longstreet, U. S. Commissioner of Interstate Commerce, Interior Department. In addition to this snug sum, the captain has seven Schriener relatives holding fat offices in the several Departments; then, in addition to this, the captain's mother-in-law and two brothers-in-law get good food under Uncle Sam's crutch. Every morning, preceding breakfast, they sing:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,"

General Dickerson has a total disability pension and draws down besides \$150 per month, but an ex-soldier totally disabled is entitled to all he can get. This paper refuses to criticize him.

The case of Dr. Storey, of the Government Printing Office, is a little different. He is alleged, practices as a "sundowner" and holds down a soft snap under Uncle Sam's crutch. He visits his patients before going to the G. P. O., and gets off early in the afternoon whenever it is necessary to make calls. Sundowners ought to be "fired" on principle, as they are taking the bread out of the mouths of outside practitioners, who have no Government salary to fall back on.

Why don't you try a package of Carolina Brights?

HAWKES-HEISTAND.

Pertinent Criticism and an Analogous Case.

The case of Amiral Schley is now attracting much attention from the general public. Counsel is having a hard time getting information from the Navy Department, and the list of witnesses is not forthcoming. There seems to be little difference between the methods of the Navy and War Departments.

In the Col. H. O. Heistand and associates case, Major Hawkes is unable in any way to get a copy of Heistand's answer to the charges preferred, or learn when the case will be brought before the Military Committee of the Senate. Both the major and his counsel have asked for copy of answer to charges and for information as to when the Military Court would take the case. The Secretary of War, Mr. Root, does not even grant an interview or answer a communication. The writer don't blame the high and mighty Secretary, he being a great corporation Tweed lawyer; knows when a man is convicted and the parties would now be serving time at a military prison, but how different when the President's friends, Col. H. O. Heistand, General Corbin, Assistant Secretary of War Melkoth and Assistant Attorney General Boyd, now Federal Judge of the North Carolina district, as the United States has ordered an investigation, perhaps it may come later. Let us hope so. Major Hawkes says he is ready with sufficient evidence to convict.

FAIR PLAY.

Carolina Brights are Union made.

Amusements.

Patrons of the Lyceum Theater will surely appreciate the visit of "The Innocent Maids," which commences an engagement to-morrow matinee. In the production of "The Innocent Maids" house play has not been formerly taken the place of a generally artistic comedy, and every female member of the company has been selected by the management for beauty of face and form, for their respective ability to entertain their audiences by a clever entertainment, which is added to by lavish and costly dressing and beautiful scenic effects.

Among the specialties are such stars as "The Carl Damman Troupe," six European artists: John W. Jess, last season's star with "A Hot Old Time," assisted by Joe Madson in a funny Irish act; Bennett and Rich, who are the originators of illustrated songs, also doing an entirely new act called "At Camp in the Philippines;" Bartlett and Morris, musical comedians; Anna Yale and Rose Carlin, duettists, and Constance Window, "the little girl with the big role."

The closing of the show is a laughable burlesque, entitled "A Lottery Ticket," which is intensely funny and calls for the strength of the entire company.

Carolina Brights are absolutely pure.

THE MURDERS

Of Miners in the Klondyke by Two Men

WHO MADE IT A BUSINESS

A Full Account of a Remarkable Series of Cold-Blooded Murders for Gain—How McGuire, the Detective, Ran His Game to Cover and Succeeded in Connecting the Mysterious Villain, Known by the Name of O'Brien.

One of the most remarkable murder trials on record has just been brought to a close in the Klondyke. The prosecution of the case has cost the Canadian Government more than \$100,000, and the defendant will forfeit his life. George O'Brien is the name of the convicted murderer. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, robust man of 45, with a high forehead, clear blue eyes and well-shaped head. His accomplice was known in some parts of the Yukon country as Graves, and in other places as Ross.

The camp of these two men was back from the river in the timbered country between Minto and Hootchikoo. A trail blazed upon the trees led from the river to within a mile or two of their camp, where it forked in the shape of a letter Y. From the rear of the camp another trail led by a circuitous route back to the river, crossing the river trails at a place it could not be easily detected. O'Brien's plan of murder was to lure persons passing along the river trails up into the timber along his camp trail to where it forked, and then along one of the forks for a distance to give his partner in crime time to come up behind them from the other fork, when they would be between two fires and could be murdered at leisure should their appearance indicate that they had valuables in their possession. Of the three men known to have been lured into this trap not one had a chance for his life. The wounds in their bodies showed that they had been shot from behind.

These three men were Swedes or Norwegians. They were known as Lynn Relfe, Olsen and Clayton. A month ago the three men had just started out in company from Dawson City, taking the trail for Hootchikoo. They had cleaned up a good sum around Dawson, and were in search of new diggings. They reached Minto all right and put up with Captain House. O'Brien was lured into the trap when they were going on to Hootchikoo. O'Brien had been trying to get a grub stake on credit, saying that he was "dead broke." He left Minto on the night of the party arrived.

Nest morning the three prospectors started out again on the trail to Hootchikoo, which is only 18 miles from Minto. They did not arrive at Hootchikoo, and were never seen again alive except by their murderers. A week later O'Brien was on his way up the river to Tagish. He stopped for a night at a place where he had a steamer Nora, which was laid up there for the winter, and he then had plenty of money. He exhibited a lot of coin and some gold nuggets to the night watchman to establish his ability to pay his way. One of these nuggets was of peculiar shape. There was a hole in it and it was hollow in the center. In the hollow was a loose piece of gold a trifle larger than a pea, which rattled about in it when the nugget was shaken. This pea-shaped piece of gold could be seen through the hole, but it was not possible to get it out. It was the freak nugget which led to the detection of O'Brien.

The nugget had belonged to Relfe, who had shown it in Dawson, and also to Captain Fussell. The latter had taken an interest in the party, and as Relfe had promised to show him the nugget, he had taken it. When O'Brien was found, he naturally made inquiries about the three when some miners from Hootchikoo stopped over night at his house. From these men Captain Fussell learned that the party had never reached that place. As no trace could be found of the party, the police were reported to the crown officials at Dawson. Meantime the night watchman of the Nora went to Minto and in a talk with Captain Fussell about the missing men he happened to mention that the latter had not O'Brien, and that the latter was "flush" with money. That fact did not impress Captain Fussell until the watchman spoke about the freak nugget which O'Brien had shown him, and then he remembered that he had seen the lump of gold in the possession of O'Brien, and that he had seen him slow in connecting the fact that O'Brien had Relfe's nugget and plenty of money with the disappearance of his friends. He communicated his suspicions to the authorities.

Mr. William McGuire, a detective who had done some clever work in tracking a fraudulent scheme for the sale of a "salted" mine in Alaska, and who had been instrumental in solving two murder mysteries in Minnesota, was employed by the Canadian Government to take charge of the case. The conviction of O'Brien and Graves or Ross, to his unflinching zeal and clever work.

Starting from Minto, McGuire took up the trail to Hootchikoo, and traveled back and forth a dozen times before he hit upon the cross trail blazed by O'Brien.

He followed the blazed marks upon the trees to where the trail forked, and then followed one of the forks, which ended in the woods without arriving anywhere. He went back and took up the other fork and found that it also ended abruptly—that the blaze marks on the trees simply extended for a few miles into the timber and then ceased. Passing back along this fork, examining the trees as he went, he found a dimly marked trail leading across in the direction of the other fork, and following this he came suddenly upon the deserted camp of O'Brien and Graves or Ross. In the tent which they had occupied he found a number of articles of trifling value, and these he carried back with him to Minto, where some of them were identified by Captain Fussell as articles he had seen in the possession of the missing prospectors. That satisfied McGuire that he was on the right track, and with a companion and a husky dog as a trailer he went back to O'Brien's camp. The trail from the river to the camp was deep with snow which had only just begun to melt in the spring thaw. A short distance out on one of the forks the husky stopped to scratch at the snow,

burrowing as does a dog who has run a rabbit to his warren.

"We'll do a little digging here," McGuire said to his companion.

When they had cleared away the snow to a depth of four feet they came upon a pool of blood, last had frozen upon the broken surface of an earlier fall of snow. With this evidence in sight McGuire and his companion proceeded to uncover the trail to that depth for a distance of 125 feet one way by eight feet in another. Some work was done with the thermometer indicated 40 degrees below zero. At last they accomplished the work, and then they had uncovered the entire scene of the murder and found where the men had been shot to death.

McGuire made a report of his find, and was sent out to seek O'Brien and Graves. McGuire, however, continued to study O'Brien's camp. The bodies were still to be found, and unless they could be shown the case against the suspected murderers would not hold water. It was a week before McGuire hit upon the hidden trail leading to the rear of the camp by a circuitous route back to the river, but when he did find it he followed it to the end as a bloodhound follows a scent. It led him back to the river at a point where the ice had been cut through. Evidence of this was shown by several large cakes of it piled up beside the opening, which had frozen over again.

"We'll need dynamite for this job," McGuire said, and he and his companion tramped back to Minto for the explosive and for help to explore the river.

Three acres of ice were blown up with dynamite. In places it had been jammed and was 16 feet thick. When this space had been cleared thoroughly, out the bodies were not found. They had been swept down the river by the current, and it was months afterward that they were found when they floated ashore when the ice broke up. But they were well preserved, and the condition of each served to strengthen the theory of McGuire that they had been shot from behind. Besides other wounds, each man had been shot through the head, and had been dead some time. McGuire's theory, contended that these latter shots had been fired after the attack to make certain that the men were dead.

One of the bits of evidence gathered by McGuire which served to establish the theory of the killing which he was explaining to his conferees. This theory was to the effect that the murdered man accidentally discharged his own pistol in his pocket, and therefore McGuire was innocent of his murder.

Mr. Vallingham and his associate counsel were in consultation in the evening at their hotel. Vallingham was a theory of the killing which he was explaining to his conferees. This theory was to the effect that the murdered man accidentally discharged his own pistol in his pocket, and therefore McGuire was innocent of his murder.

When the case against O'Brien for the murder of Relfe came up for trial in Dawson it was deemed that a coroner's jury was necessary, and that he should not escape the penalty of his crimes. Eighty witnesses, one of them coming a distance of 5,000 miles to testify, had been summoned to tell of his previous bad character and of the circumstances which pointed to him as the murderer. One of the most startling pieces of testimony given in the trial was that of one Chris Williams. He testified that in 1898 he met O'Brien in Juneau, and O'Brien proposed to him to go to the Yukon country and enter into a partnership in mining. O'Brien said he was a Swede and throw the bodies under the ice. O'Brien said, he testified, that no one would be the wiser. Williams replied to O'Brien that he was not in that kind of business, and dropped the subject.

The trial lasted 13 days. O'Brien seemed amused at the proceedings. "They haven't anybody to swear that he saw me do it," he said over and over again. "They can't convict." But they did. The jury was out less than two hours when it returned with a verdict of guilty. Later, when a road claim was made by O'Brien and he was asked if he knew of any reason why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he stood up and said, "There are just five reasons," and made a rambling address to the Court, in which none of the five reasons was mentioned.

He will be hanged on August 23, and it is believed that when he realizes that escape is impossible he will make a confession. That confession, it is confidently expected, will clear up many mysterious disappearances that have puzzled the police and the public.

It has developed that O'Brien is an assumed name, and that the man left a paper disclosing his real identity. It is believed that he is of good family, and that his real name and lineage, when disclosed, will create a sensation.

Carolina Brights are winners.

What Is This?

EDITOR GLOBE: Billie "Charlie" Ireland seems to be prosperous. Entrapped his fellow clerk Phillips by a decoy containing a quarter. Took his salary on promotion. Has now stepped into the shoes of Sneak Thief Shepard, an easy victim for a trap set for coasts. Ireland is now on each foot, the outfit of his life as a Benedictine will always recall and never forget. Having married the girl of his heart, Miss Estella Morris, of 402 Twelfth street, he was deprived of bride and honeymoon by the mother of the girl, and was compelled to go into court for a writ of mandamus to secure both. "All's well that ends well," and young Mr. and Mrs. Powell are now enjoying the bliss of newly-wedded couples. "He'll be best friends are wishing for the future all their troubles be little ones."

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Richard Powell, who lives with his mother, 338 B street southwest, has had some matrimonial experience at the outset of his life as a Benedictine will always recall and never forget. Having married the girl of his heart, Miss Estella Morris, of 402 Twelfth street, he was deprived of bride and honeymoon by the mother of the girl, and was compelled to go into court for a writ of mandamus to secure both. "All's well that ends well," and young Mr. and Mrs. Powell are now enjoying the bliss of newly-wedded couples. "He'll be best friends are wishing for the future all their troubles be little ones."

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LOST HIS LIFE

And Saved That of His Client Accused of Murder.

HON. CLEMENT C. VALINDINGHAM

Ohio Champion of the Confederacy and His Tragic Ending After the War—The Raid and Destruction of The Sentinel Office by the Second Ohio as Narrated by Ex-Soldier Gause—A Historical Chapter.

Mr. Isaac Gause, an ex-soldier of Co. E, Second Ohio Cavalry, has prepared the manuscript history of his regiment and proposes issuing the same in book form. It is entitled, "From a Rural District to the Cavalry Service as it Looks From the Ranks."

Mr. Gause served four years and one month at the front, and wears the medal of honor for the capture of the Eighth South Carolina Infantry, its colors, flags, etc. The regiment took part in the battle of Gettysburg, Sept. 13, 1864. Gause led the advanced guard of his regiment, and meeting the enemy's infantry promptly charged them three times, finally penetrating to their rear and forcing the surrender of the remnants of the regiment.

He is mentioned in the Sunday Morning Globe to extract a chapter from the proposed publication detailing the raid on and destruction of Clement L. Vallingham's Columbus (O.) Sentinel during the war. Before proceeding to quote Mr. Gause, The Globe desires to remind the reader that the tragic ending of this most historical character and firm friend of the Confederacy's legal right to secession, otherwise champion State's rights advocate.

Mr. Vallingham, after the war, returned to Ohio, from whence he had been expelled as "a rebel sympathizer." He was a lawyer, and a member of his profession. While defending a man named Thomas McGeehan at Hamilton, Ohio, on a charge of murder, he lost his life in the following manner.

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were put in line and were on the move at once, Sergeant Harris being selected to take command of the advanced guard. We moved out at a double-quick to gain the usual space between the advance and the head of the column without causing any delay. Sergeant Harris and I had no arms, so we pulled pickets from a farmer's yard fence.

The bridge across the river was a long covered structure, and a guard was always stationed at the end next to the city. When we were near enough to the city, "Halt, who comes there?"

"A party to church," was the reply. The man personating the commander stepped to the front and was granted permission to pass his men.

On our arrival at the street in which the office was located, we turned to the right. When we came to the corner, some one said, "This is the place," and turned and went upstairs. Sergeant Harris directed the movements of the advanced guard. He sent two men to each of the three corners with orders to prevent any intrusion upon the guard or posse. He then took me, and we crossed the street to the other corner.

We had no sooner taken our positions than a column of men poured into the building. The smashing of windows and a stream of fire, books, paper, maps, and charts poured out of every opening into the street. The noise attracted the police, who sounded the alarm. The first one that arrived came directly to us. We were standing with the pickets behind us. He did not know that we were concerned. He asked us what we were doing. We promptly replied that some soldiers were wrecking the Sentinel office. He started to go over, but we told him that resistance would be useless, and that we were there to prevent any interference.

By that time he was joined by another column, and more citizens were coming every direction. The new arrival insisted on making an effort to stop the destruction of property, but we told him that to attempt such a thing would be fatal to him. The two officers walked off a short distance, and while talking were being watched by the pickets, but they walked quietly away, as was to be expected. They were no doubt in sympathy with the soldiers.

The work was of but a few moments' duration, and the order was given to fall in for camp. We moved off quickly, as we did not expect to escape the attention of the guard as easily as we had escaped the police.

When about half-way to the river, Sergeant Harris was informed that they had not found the type. He said that it was a very important point, and that it must be found and demolished. He then turned back, and we followed him, five or six blocks farther in the city, and we would go there and see.

At this time I made my first suggestion in the way of directing the movement of a body of men. I told them that the guard was not strong enough to the bridge to hold it, as it was our only means of escape. They all recognized the wisdom of the proposition and acted accordingly. Thirty men went with Sergeant Harris, and the others went to the bridge. The sergeant called on the forsmen and the steam press, but he said the Sentinel type was not there and he did not know where the paper was printed.

With no information, there was nothing to do but return to the camp. We went to the street that leads directly to the bridge, and while passing opposite the State House, we saw the picket guards, police and many others, on the double quick, crossing the street, going in the direction of the Sentinel office. Some stopped to look at us, but as we were marching in perfect order, they passed without any questions.

When we neared the bridge a squad with an officer in front double quicked down the other side of the street. As we were passing the guard at the end of the bridge they called out to him, "Have you seen anything unusual here?"

"Who are those men?"

"A church party, sir."

We had now joined our party who had secreted themselves inside of the bridge, only a few feet from the guard. As we passed along, they fell in, and we marched on, but we were not to be taken for granted. When we arrived at the barracks the boys produced many things, such as books, maps, manuscripts, pens, and other relics, which they had concealed under their coats. I protested and advised them to burn those things, as they were not to be taken for granted. They did not heed my advice, however.

Next day at 9 A. M. there was a rumor that the authorities were making strenuous efforts to find the perpetrators, and that we were under suspicion.

Many articles were then thrown into the fire and burned. The more valuable articles were concealed under the floor of the barracks, and at 11 A. M., regular officers' call, the officers were ordered to search their companies and report the result.

When we fell in line, a sergeant and two men were ordered to search for property belonging to the Sentinel office. Nothing was found, and the result reported accordingly.

A special call was then made for the officers. Colonel Kautz gave them some instructions that we were unable to learn in full, but we were told that the roll had been called. The captain said that the colonel was anxious to have a fine pipe that had been taken from the Sentinel office the night before. If he could get it, there would be no more effort to implicate the regiment. Some one said what Colonel Kautz's pipe was doing in a corner head place. The captain said that they asked him the same question, and the colonel had answered that he had purchased the pipe as a present for an old and respected classmate who was then serving in the navy. A person who had known the colonel well, and who had worked in the Sentinel office and the pipe had been left with this person by Colonel Kautz to forward to its destination. When the company broke ranks there was a consultation among the members, and some decided to demand our colonel's pipe, and in sympathy with the Sentinel people, and no one appeared to know anything about the pipe. Gold pens, fine inkstands, and other trophies were plentiful.

I too, an active part in the discussion and defended the colonel, as did the majority. He had inaugurated many reforms, and had, in fact, been our benefactor. We decided that he was loyal, and that the connection of the pipe with the Sentinel office, as he had said, was only a coincidence.

We then returned to our quarters, and a man six foot three, that belonged to one of our company stepped up to me and drew from a side pocket a morocco case, with the gilt letters A. V. K. on one side. At the same time he said to me that he had the pipe. He opened the case and displayed a fine meerschaum. "I think like you do, and want to re-

turn it, but not to let them know where it comes from. Only three men know that I have it."

He named them. They were called into consultation. As a result, the pipe was wrapped up and addressed to Colonel A. V. Kautz, and entrusted to me. I strolled leisurely up to the express quarters, and when there was no one to see me, slipped the pipe through the slot into the mail box at headquarters.

Such is the narrative of Mr. Gause, touching the destruction of the Sentinel office. Vallingham's nerve did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The next issue of the Sentinel, fiercely denounced the "hiring ruffians of Lincoln," and was most bitter and naturally offensive to the loyalists of the capital city. But Mr. Vallingham's pen and tongue did not desert him in this or in any other crisis of his life. The